

Dragon Flies Hover In Front Of The Trail
by Charlotte Greenwood

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A single poem, in English.

Dragon Flies Hover In Front Of The Trail

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Dragon flies hover in front of the trail
foot carved into eroding cliffs; falling.

Collapsing to accepting beach head
steps provided; and used.

A place where families swim
and shield themselves
inside wind breaks.

Hit into shoreline
with rubber mallets
or mallets;
made rubber.

To bury a banana skin
and dig a hole until
water fills from beneath;
no waves touching it.

At their sides,
all the days needs
packed to stay cool.

Weather does what it pleases
and their holiday does not account for it.

These hours more precious,
with only the wait till next.
Minutes packed into hours
as tightly as the coolbox.

Heavy and dense;
arranged with patience.

Encampment unique among their groups
looking forward towards horizon.

Tide moving against daylight.
Marking a return to the path
where dragon flies hover
between blackberries
prickly and sweet-ripe.

Detours before loading car
and journey home,
in familiar seats.

[END]

